Emil. By that you would have pitty in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleaſd you,
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings. (our dangers,
Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendſhip Sir, by all
By all you love moſt, warres; and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A bluſhing Maide.
Hip. By your owne eyes: By ſtrength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yeelded *Theſeus*.
Per. To crowne all this; By your moſt noble ſoule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next heare my prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreate Sir.
Per. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compaſſion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You are a right woman, Siſter; you have pitty,
But want the vnderſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer then baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique queſtion with their Swords; Be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was raſhly made, and in your anger,
Your reaſon will not hold it, if ſuch vowes
Stand for expreſſe will, all the world muſt periſh.

Beſide

Beſide, I have another oth, gainſt yours
Of more authority, I am ſure more love,
Not made in paſſion neither, but good he
Theſ. What is it Siſter?
Per. Vrge it home brave Lady.
Emil. That you would nev'r deny me
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and your free gra
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in'
Thinke how you maime your honour;
(For now I am ſet a begging Sir, I am de
To all but your compaſſion) how their l
Might breed the ruine of my name; Opin
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for
That were a cruell wiſedome, doe men p
The ſtraight yong Bowes that bluſh with
Becauſe they may be rotten? O Duke *Th*
The goodly Mothers that have groand fo
And all the longing Maides that ever lov
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe me and my
And in their funerall ſongs, for theſe tw
Deſpiſe my crueltie, and cry woe worth
Till I am nothing but the ſcorne of wom
For heavens ſake ſave their lives, and ban
Theſ. On what conditions?
Emil. Sweare 'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to kno
To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be
Where ever they ſhall travel, ever ſtrang
Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget I love her?
O all ye gods diſpiſe me then: Thy Bani
I not miſlike, ſo we may fairely carry
Our Swords, and cauſe along: elſe never t
But take our lives Duke, I muſt love and
And for that love, muſt and dare kill thi
On any peece the earth has.
Theſ. Will you *Arcite*
Take theſe conditions?

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